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A BARBER'S SHOP IN OLD ATHENS.

WHEN gazing at ancient Greece through the magnificent wrecks of her civilisation, we find it extremely difficult to represent to ourselves a true picture of her homely, domestic life. Yet even at Athens, the most splendid and beautiful of ancient cities, the nursing mother of philosophy, and the home of literature and the arts, the circumstances which characterised a citizen's daily career contrasted very strikingly with the greatness and grandeur of the state. Vivacious in their temperament, and highly poetical in their conceptions, the Athenians were yet in their social intercourse the most practical and business-like of men. No people were ever fonder of mirth and jollity. Once escaped from the absorbing interest of politics, they yielded themselves up to jesting and laughter, to the manufacturing of jokes, to the relation of comic anecdotes, to lounging in groups about the Agora, and to the habit of congregating in saddlers' and barbers' shops, where they enjoyed much the same kind of amusements which the moderns seek at restaurants and in tap-rooms.

During the early part of the Macedonian War, Dion, a young merchant of Sinope, paid a visit to the old country, chiefly for commercial purposes. In a galley of considerable tonnage, he sailed leisurely along the coast of Asia Minor, entered the Bosphorus, passed Byzantium and Calcedon, traversed the Propontis, threaded the windings of the Hellespont, and arrived, after an agreeable and prosperous voyage, at the Piræus. Having seen his goods properly warehoused, he hastened towards the city, the birthplace of his ancestors. His way led him over the long walls, from which, on one side, he enjoyed a prospect of Eleusis and Salamis, and the distant mountains overhanging the Corinthian isthmus; on the other, he beheld the well-wooded shores of Attica, stretching away in easy undulations towards Sunium. But the attractions of these landscapes were extremely slight in comparison with those exhibited by the objects before him: Hymettus, the Areopagus, the hill of the Museum, and above all, the Acropolis, towering in snowy splendour towards the blue heavens. Propylea, temples, and colossal statues of gods and heroes, appeared to convert that majestic rock into a second Olympus. Almost on the edge of the cliff rose the effigies of Athena Promachus, looking towards the sea, her head surmounted with the crested helm, and in her hand a spear, which she wielded for the protection of her beloved city, lying in matchless splendour at her feet.

The young merchant felt his heart dilate within him as he moved beneath the shadow of these mighty works. But visions of glory, however gorgeous, will

not satisfy the appetite. Entering an inn, therefore, at the corner of the Cerameicus, he found a large party just sitting down to dinner, and was invited by the host to join them. The guests consisted of persons from nearly all the countries encircling the eastern shores of the Mediterranean—Cyrene, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, with many islanders from Rhodes and Crete. When the repast was over, he was invited by a number of young men to accompany them to a barber's shop opening upon the Agora, where, as they informed him, many lovers of news and gossip from all parts of the city assembled daily.

The streets through which they passed disappointed him very much. He expected to behold rows of palaces, exhibiting all the grandeur and taste of architecture; but instead, he observed a succession of modest dwellings, elegant, no doubt, in their appearance, but of extremely moderate dimensions and elevation. His mind, however, as he moved along, was filled with agreeable images, which insensibly reconciled him to the aspect of the place. Here and there, beneath stately porticos, were orange and citron trees, growing in large pots or boxes; flowering shrubs flung their fragrance into the street over low walls; and fountains, chapels, and temples occurring at frequent intervals, impressed a peculiar character upon his sensations.

On reaching the market-place, he almost fancied himself in the midst of an insurrection. The people had assembled there in crowds, but, as soon appeared, not for the purpose of taking up arms, but to buy and sell, eat fruit, drink wine, discuss the news, and at the same time to exhibit the richness or elegance of their costume. The booths and stalls, and the seats, were all of wood, constructed in a very light manner, that they might, if necessary, be easily removed. His companions seemed to know and be known of everybody; so that, owing to their constant salutations and greetings, their progress to the barber's shop was exceedingly slow.

At length they arrived; and Dion, with the inquisitiveness and curiosity inherent in all Greeks, set himself to observe. The shop opened upon an extensive esplanade, paved with broad flags, and descending with a gentle slope to the booths in the Agora. Rows of flower-pots, on painted stands, occupied the front of the apartment, which was spacious and lofty, and numerous chairs stood scattered over the floor, though most of them were empty, the frequenters of the place being far too active and restless to remain long seated. Ranged in order along the walls were mirrors of various sizes, some designed to be consulted where they hung, others to be taken in the hand by those who had undergone the tonsorial process, or were desirous of having their locks trimmed and curled

according to the newest fashion from Pella; for about this time there prevailed a sort of mania among the young Athenians to imitate both in dress and appearance their bitterest enemies. Even the practice of shaving may be said to have been introduced by the Macedonians. Previous to the age of Philip, it had been regarded as a sign of worthlessness or effeminacy, and the elder citizens still prided themselves on adhering to the mode which they firmly believed had been transmitted to their forefathers by the gods.

Still, these stern patriots did not disdain to have their hair, beards, and moustaches curled and scented with costly essences. One of the first objects that struck Dion was a man beyond the middle age, in the habit of a philosopher, who was seated on an elegant chair, with a barber of most lively character hopping and frisking about him. First, with a small pair of tweezers, he freed his cheeks from superfluous hairs; then he clipped dexterously his flowing locks, in which threads of silver had begun to mingle largely with the black; then he applied the warm irons, and disposed the ornaments of his head and chin into an infinity of delicate curls. To complete the whole, he held a small censer filled with live coals beneath the beard of the professor of wisdom, and then casting grains of a delicate perfume upon the embers, impregnated the room with a fragrant odour, and caused the philosopher himself to smell like a nosegay.

Deep niches in the wall, lined with polished cyprus wood, and furnished with shelves, held sweet waters and unguents of the most precious kind, surmounted by a series of grotesque vases, which greatly excited the stranger's curiosity. One of these vessels represented Silenus with most extravagant gasteral development; another, Pan, with the legs and horns of a goat, nose of portentous shape, and ears like the meek beast on which his neighbour generally journeyed at the heels of Dionysus. Others were of still more ludicrous and fantastic forms; so that Dion imagined the worthy barber who presided over the establishment could be no other than Damasippus himself. Desirous of being satisfied on this point, he imparted his notion to one of the gentlemen who had accompanied him from the inn. The Athenian smiled slightly, and then politely taking the Sinopian by the hand, led him to the master of the house, and requested him to play the part of the Eleusinian hierophant, and explain the mysteries of his dwelling to the stranger. The barber readily complied, and taking down the first vase that came to hand, removed the upper part, as we should do a glass shade. What was Dion's surprise at beholding in a cell, as it were, of alabaster, an exquisite statue of Aphrodite in all her celestial beauty, sculptured by the chisel of some great artist, and semi-transparent when exposed to the light. This was sufficient to explain the fancy of the Athenians. All the vessels, however ugly without, contained within forms of the other denizens of Olympus, perfect in their symmetry and proportion, and of a material as white as snow.

At the back of the shop stood a long table, presided over by a female slave, where cups of thermon, answering to our modern tea, were served for a few oboli to the guests. Many of the younger among these appeared to sip the sweet and smoking liquid, which exhaled a delicate fragrance, chiefly for the pleasure it procured them of conversing with the young, dark-eyed beauty, whom Hermotomos had evidently stationed there as an attraction to his establishment. Depending in festoons from the roof were wreaths of flowers, roses in many cases intermingled with tufts of violets, with which, on solemn occasions, the Athenians were accustomed to crown their heads.

As evening came on, many lamps—some ranged along the walls, others swinging from the roof—were simultaneously lighted, and shed a rich light over the

numerous groups, all engaged in animated conversation. A keen north wind happening to be just then blowing, rendered it by no means unpleasant to stand near the brazier, formed very much like an altar, on which small billets of wood mixed with charcoal kept up perpetually a bright blaze. Dion was particularly struck by the softness and elegance of the language which he heard spoken on all sides. He now for the first time understood the compliment which had been paid to his mother-tongue by some poet, who, in his rapturous admiration, had pronounced it to be the dialect of the gods. While reflecting on this matter, his attention was drawn to an individual dressed in a somewhat fantastic fashion, who had no sooner entered than he became the centre of a large circle of listeners, who began to laugh almost before he had spoken. It was whispered about that he was one of the sixty; and upon Dion's inquiring what this meant, he learned that there existed at Athens a club of wits amounting to that number, who constantly entertained their fellow-citizens by the most brilliant repartees and flashes of intellect. These were nearly always repeated throughout the city; but chiefly at the shop of Hermotomos, then assiduously frequented by all who aimed at a reputation for humour or a knowledge of the world. Jokes, however, are very much like bursts of lightning, whose brightness no one can appreciate unless present at their birth. Translated into history, they become inexpressibly insipid, and only weary those whom they are meant to entertain. We shall, therefore, leave to the imagination the task of picturing to itself the fine things uttered in the shop of Hermotomos by Philemon. Dion thought them enchanting, and laughed till he was thoroughly ashamed of his own boisterous merriment. The Athenians laughed also; but their external demonstrations of hilarity were less noisy than those of strangers.

All this while the shaving, curling, perfuming, proceeded without interruption. Dion himself submitted his provincial tresses to be operated upon by Hermotomos. When the barber had completed his task, he inquired with much gravity whether the stranger also would like to be shaved. As the first down of youth had barely made its appearance on the chin of the Sinopean, the bystanders could not refrain from laughter, in which Dion himself heartily joined.

If jokes refuse, as we have said, to be invested with an historical dress, they at least become traditional in essence, and not only serve to awaken by imitation the spirit of wit in after-times, but consent to receive new forms from the ingenuity of succeeding generations. Philemon, for example, uttered on the present occasion, as a novelty, the bon-mot of one of the *etaïres* of a former day. A dramatic poet, supping one evening with a female friend, complimented her on the delicious coolness of the water she gave him to drink.

'Ah!' replied the lady, 'it has always been remarkably cold since we have been in the habit of throwing your comedies into the well.'

A stranger from the colonies being present, Philemon did not disdain to borrow a joke from one of the philosophers. A sophist one day undertook, in the intrepidity of his impudence, to demonstrate to a young Athenian nobleman that he was the son of a dog.

'You have a Molossian,' said he—'haven't you?'

'I have,' replied the other, 'and a very ill-natured beast he is too.'

'Has he any young ones?'

'Yes—several.'

'Then he is a father.'

'To be sure.'

'And you say he is yours.'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, clearly as he is a father, and yours, he must be your father.'

At this the guests of Hermotomos were good-natured enough to laugh, which so far encouraged Philemon,

that he went on relating anecdotes, stories, jests, and strokes of pleasantry, till the attention of all present was attracted by symptoms of unusual bustle without in the Agora. Several persons now ran forth to ascertain the cause. At first, nothing could be distinctly learned, except that some great calamity had befallen the Athenian people. The whole extent of the market-place was dark, save that here and there, in front of some lofty mansion, a lamp glimmered over the gateway, for the purpose of lighting persons to the entrance. By degrees, it was whispered that a messenger had arrived in breathless haste, bringing to the magistrates the dreadful news, that Philip's army had stormed the city of Platæa. Terror at this report seized upon the entire multitude, who, with tremendous shouts, expressed their desire that some orator should ascend the Bema, and explain at length the nature of the intelligence which had been brought to the government.

Half frantic with excitement, they knew not exactly what they did, or how best to clear the market-place, so as immediately to provide standing-room for the whole body of the people. In this state of mind, it occurred to some one that the speediest course would be to cast up the booths and stalls, and set fire to them. The idea was no sooner put forth than acted upon. Every man set to work. The small wooden structures which had served by day to screen the market-women from the sun, were overthrown with a crash, and heaped up pell-mell, with noise and violence, in the centre of the Agora. A hundred torches were then applied to the mighty pile, which in a few seconds shot up a tremendous blaze, throwing a red glare upon the temples, the fountains, and the long lines of private buildings encircling the place of assembly. While the conflagration was in progress, immense groups collected here and there on the esplanade, discussing, with wild gesticulation, and in hoarse, deep voices, the nature of the danger then threatening the community. Fresh messengers arrived almost every minute, and many cast their eyes anxiously towards the road leading from Boeotia, as if they expected the apparition of the Macedonian army amid the darkness of that very night. The city gates were closed, and frequent patrols passed along the walls, to watch the appearance of things in the surrounding country.

Under the influence of sudden excitement, Dion was on the point of rushing out to join the crowd; but a gentleman who stood near him in the shop, guessing his intention, said: 'Stranger, beware what you do! To join the citizens on this occasion, would be to usurp the rights of citizenship, or, in other words, to be guilty of high treason, the punishment of which is death. I myself am a Metoikos, and therefore enjoy all the rights of an Athenian except that of voting in the public assembly. I would not, however, dare to make my appearance in the Agora even to listen, lest I should be suspected of repairing thither to betray the state.'

The shop had now been cleared of all but the strangers and Hermotomos himself, who, as he was about to go forth, said: 'Gentlemen, you may ascend to the roof of my house, whence you will at once be able to hear the orators and observe all that takes place. This is a dreadful night for Athens, and I would not be absent from the assembly for all the wealth of Cæsus.' With these words he issued forth into the market-place, which was filled from end to end with a loud murmur, like that of the waves in winter when they break against the shore.

A young Egyptian slave now conducted the strangers and the Metoikos to the roof, which they reached just in time to behold a body of men with large besoms scattering about the blazing embers, and sweeping them away towards the distant corners of the immense expanse, to make room for the vast multitude which now poured in from all parts of the city. Their task,

however, was not an easy one. The whole space covered with burning ashes and fragments of wood still on fire resembled the Phlegæan fields during the war of the Titans. At length water was brought, and sprinkled profusely around, until it became practicable for the people to approach the Bema. The city archers, with large torches in their hands, then stationed themselves at intervals in front of the citizens, to enable them to distinguish clearly the features and gestures of the various speakers.

An orator, suspected to be in the pay of Philip, first presented himself. He took a rapid view of the progress and principal events of the war, extenuating the crimes of the Macedonian monarch, masking the object of his ambition, and treating with contemptuous levity the opinions of those who apprehended danger from his approach towards the south. He contended that though a despot, he was by no means inimical to the liberties of Athens. As he spoke, conflicting emotions, rapidly succeeding each other, agitated his immense audience, of which they gave external tokens by hisses or plaudits. Dion watched with the deepest curiosity the arts, resources, and effects of eloquence. The entire range of human motives and feelings seemed to be at the command of the orator, who, by brief and lively narratives, traits of humour, and flashes of brilliant wit, sought to amuse the assembly, and carry away its thoughts from all serious considerations. His voice, musical as a flute; his silvery intonations, his rich imagery, his undaunted confidence, excited in the young colonist extraordinary astonishment. Other speakers, noway inferior in abilities, succeeded, and each in his turn appeared to sway irresistibly the emotions and understandings of the people.

At length, in the midst of a hushed and deep silence, an orator ascended the Bema, and stretching forth his left hand towards the citizens, held with the right his mantle close to his breast. This attitude he preserved for a few moments, and then his voice, like the first low notes of a trumpet, rolled over the heads of his listeners, until it appeared to die away amid the marble recesses of the Acropolis. He seemed, however, to exercise no art, to appeal to no passions, but only to state in a plain way what he conceived to be the duty of all who heard him. Yet, as he spoke, every bosom warmed, every imagination was lighted with enthusiasm, every understanding convinced by his overwhelming logic. He did not attempt to conceal or diminish in any degree the danger of the hour. Instead of this, he drew a faithful picture of the perils which encompassed the state, and of the sacrifices it would be necessary to make in order to dispel them. He said, he would not flatter the men of Athens by dilating on their virtues, or those of their forefathers; on the contrary, he would tell them distinctly, that matters had been brought to their present alarming condition through their levity, their ignorance, their want of patriotism. But it was these very circumstances, he added, that now inspired him with hope. If the city had performed everything in its power, he should, he acknowledged, be overwhelmed with despair, because nothing more could be expected of it. 'But, gentlemen,' he said, 'it is because you have been idle, thoughtless, frivolous, inattentive to your public duties, that I have now hope, as I stand here, that we shall beat back the insolent Macedonian to his half-savage den in the north. But to accomplish this, you must lay aside your vices, and apply yourselves diligently to the public service. Let every man remember that he is fighting not for the state, but for himself: for if Philip conquers, no one among you will be able to call anything his own. Your houses, your children, your wives, will belong to the despot—nay, if it may be said without impiety, the very temples of the gods will lie altogether at his mercy. For myself, I swear by the souls of those who fell at Marathon, that I will not survive the dishonour of my

country, but will perish with those who love her most, beneath the ruins of our beloved homes.*

At this burst of patriotic eloquence, which memory, especially in another language, can but faintly represent, the vast assembly rent the air with their applause; and Dion, to whom the whole scene was new, and who had never before witnessed the all power and resources of human speech, absolutely thrilled with rapture. What would he not have given to occupy the place of that consummate statesman, whose name as yet he knew not! Turning, therefore, to the kind Metoikos, who stood in equal delight by his side, he sought to express his admiration, while he inquired who was the speaker.

'What!' exclaimed his companion, 'can you possibly be ignorant that the man you have heard is Demosthenes? But wait; the people are requiring him to proceed. He has inspired them with confidence in themselves—he has brought back the patriotism of other days—and the youth of the city will to-morrow be ready to march against the Macedonians, as their ancestors did against the Persians at Marathon.'

When the orator resumed, he entered into details, sketched the plan of a campaign, drew an encouraging picture of the resources of the state, and proved to every one's satisfaction, that victory might still be made to range on the side of the republic, if every citizen would consent to do his duty. Whatever he proposed, was agreed to; and by degrees the immense multitude ebbed away through the darkness, and each man sought his own dwelling, there to ponder on the intelligence he had heard, and the political advice which had been given to him in common with the rest of his countrymen.

When Dion descended into the shop of Hermotomos, he found it crowded with young men, keenly engaged in discussing with each other the preparations necessary for taking the field. Gay and elegant in their costume, and somewhat effeminate in appearance, they were yet internally animated by the spirit of the olden times. Even in those days, the most glorious in the history of Athens, the youth of the city had been remarkable for their fondness for dress and personal appearance. They went forth to Marathon in purple cloaks, costly sandals, and with hair curled and perfumed as if they had been going to a banquet; yet they routed the Persian infantry and the Median cavalry, the finest that Asia could supply. It was hoped that a similar event would attend the contest with the Macedonians; and whether or not, Dion felt the blood of the old Athenians warm and quicken in his veins, and he therefore loudly proclaimed his willingness to defend the birthplace of his ancestors in the field. His services were accepted, together with those of all the strangers, half-citizens, and even slaves, who would consent to ennoble themselves by wearing a sword.

As it would have been impossible to sleep, the youthful warriors determined to employ the night in military preparations; and Dion was invited to repair to the house of one of the wealthiest and noblest of the citizens, where he could provide himself with armour and arms. On this occasion, as afterwards, during the visit of Demetrius Poliorcetes, the whole city was lighted up with lamps and torches, disposed along the streets on the pedestals of statues, in the niches of temples, and over the doors of private dwellings. The troops assembled before day in the Agora, where an exhortation was delivered to them by their general; after which they formed a line, and marched in order out of the city, Dion proceeding in the van-guard. We shall not attempt to describe or explain the events of the war that succeeded, or the fate of the great orator, whose eloquence sufficed on this occasion to rekindle the almost expiring flame of patriotism in the breasts of his countrymen. Dion fought in every battle that took place against the Macedonians; and if he could

not preserve his ancestral city from the foot of the spoiler, he at least avenged the wrongs she endured upon many a Macedonian soldier, whom, in the Homeric phrase, he made to bite the dust on the plains of Boeotia and in the valleys of Attica.

When all was over, he resumed his mercantile habits, and returned to Sinope, where he related to the regretful colonists the fate which had overtaken the country of their ancestors. The inhabitants of this city were indeed a mixed race—Ionians, Dorians, and Achæans; but there were at least no Macedonians among them, and no lovers of despotism, so that their untingled sympathies were given altogether to those small but brilliant republics which maintained against Philip and his son the cause of freedom and civilisation. In one of the battles which took place, Dion had had the good fortune to save the life of the worthy Hermotomos in whose shop he had determined to become a soldier. The barber after this returned to Athens, where, as he shaved and perfumed his customers, he related those moving accidents by flood and field which he had witnessed during the war, and was often loud in the praises of the gallant young stranger from Sinope.*

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

QUEBEC.

HAVING spent a few days in Montreal and its neighbourhood, I prepared to make a short visit to Quebec. A communication by railway between these cities, as I shall have occasion to explain, will soon be effected by the extension of a branch from the Atlantic and St Lawrence line. Meanwhile, the only available intercourse is by steam-vessels on the river, one of which departs every evening from Quebec, and another from Montreal; the passage up as well as down being by night.

Montreal is 180 miles above Quebec, and this distance is performed by the steamers in twelve hours, descending, and fifteen to sixteen hours, ascending, the St Lawrence; though, when fogs occur, the time in each case may be considerably extended. Owing to these perplexing fogs, as well as sunken rocks and other dangers, serious accidents occasionally happen. With a less wide-spread reputation for disasters than the Mississippi, the St Lawrence yet possesses an unfortunate aptitude for destroying the steamers which trust themselves upon it. During my stay in the country, two vessels of this kind were wrecked between Quebec and Montreal.

Trusting that I might escape any such misfortune, I one evening went on board a steamer at Montreal, said to be one of the best on the station; and along with at least 150 passengers, set off on a voyage down the river. Darkness soon coming on, we had little opportunity of seeing the distant banks, which, however, are generally low and uninteresting. Some miles down, on our left, we passed one of the mouths of the Ottawa, whose turbid waters are a long way distinguishable from the clear flood of the St Lawrence. Further still, on the south shore, the Richlieu falls into the river; but the town of Sorrel at this point, and various other places of some note, including Three Rivers, are passed in the dark, and we only hear their names when the vessel stops at them to put passengers ashore.

It was in the gray of a misty morning, about seven

* It may be proper to say that this article is by a well-known author, who has devoted a great part of his life to the study of Greek manners and literature.

o'clock, when, rising from bed and going to the slip of open deck at the paddle-boxes, that I first caught sight of the high cliffy banks, as we approached Quebec; and without a word of explanation, I knew at a glance that we were passing the scene of Wolfe's celebrated debarkation below the heights of Abraham. Here the river is a mile in width, and flows in an imposing current, sufficiently deep to carry vessels of large burden. The land is high on both banks, as if sawn down by the mighty stream; for while on our left rise the lofty cliffs of Cape Diamond, on whose summit the city has been built—bringing Ehrenbreitstein, on the Rhine, with its towers and battlements, to remembrance—on the right, or southern bank, we see the elevated grounds of Point Levi, with its lively village and ferry-boats. Looking down the river, we observe that, below Quebec, it parts into two unequal branches, the larger keeping to the left and the smaller to the right, with the high woody isle of Orleans between.

There was little time to take note of all this. The steamer shot in front of the straggling and busy suburb below the city, and in a few minutes we walked ashore on a wooden quay, in the midst of porters and cabmen. Driving by winding narrow streets, environed by substantial stone-houses, towards the higher regions, I could see that Quebec is a curious old city, with numerous trades connected with shipping in its lower streets, and having a strong mixture of the military and ecclesiastical character in its upper and more aristocratic division. The street which I ascended in a cab to get to a hotel, was so steep, that I feared the poor horse would fall on its knees; but, driven by an Irishman, it went wonderfully well over the ground, and I arrived in safety in a kind of open square, where the market and some of the principal public buildings are situated.

A glance through the town shewed that it was considerably more French than Montreal, and was equally well provided with churches and monastic establishments, the bequest of its original settlers; to which are superadded the more modern ecclesiastical structures of its English and Scotch inhabitants. Everybody, of course, is acquainted with the fact, that the Canadian parliament was, a few years ago, burned out of its place of meeting in Montreal. Afterwards, locating itself in a handsome building in Quebec, it has, unfortunately, been just burned out of that too, and is left to shift for temporary accommodation. None of the public buildings, including that appropriated to parliamentary meetings, was of sufficient note to detain me any length of time from the scenes associated with Wolfe's victory; these, in reality, imparting to Quebec the chief interest which is attached to it in England.

Let us, in reference to this great event, throw our minds back to the summer of 1759. England at war with France, has already captured Louisbourg in Cape Breton, and desires to complete her acquisitions by seizing on the whole of Canada; for which purpose several expeditions are despatched to open the attack in different quarters; the principal movements, however, being the approach of Lord Amherst by way of Albany and Ticonderoga, and that of Major-General James Wolfe, a young and promising soldier, by the St Lawrence. In the month of June, a fleet bears Wolfe and a small but select army up this great river, and after a tedious voyage, it comes in sight of Quebec and its exterior defences, held by Montcalm and an army of 13,000 men. Landing, and forming an encampment on the Isle of Orleans, Wolfe has presented to him an imposing spectacle. Opposite, on the north shore, from the fortress of Quebec to the falls of the Montmorenci, along a sloping ground several miles in length, he sees a series of intrenchments bristling with cannon; below the fortress on the east, there is the river St Charles, a seemingly weak point in the line, but its bridge is strongly guarded, and the only place for an attack is apparently at the Montmorenci. So, at

least, thought Wolfe, not correctly, for he spent nearly three months in various deadly but bootless encounters at this selected spot. It was only after these tedious discomfitures, and much mental and bodily suffering, that he resolved on the stratagem of sailing up the river, as if going on a distant expedition; at the same time leaving a party to make a feint of again attacking the Montmorenci outposts. This famous movement up the river took place on a starlight night in autumn. Early next morning—the memorable 13th of September 1759—an hour before dawn, the vessels drop down with the tide, bring to at a point previously fixed on, now celebrated as Wolfe's Cove; and there the landing is silently effected. The different regiments make their way by a rude path up the steep bank; at the summit they seize upon a redoubt and the few French soldiers who have it in charge, and are shortly drawn up in order on the plains of Abraham. Wolfe leads them forward to a place within three-quarters of a mile of the fortifications, and there, a few hours afterwards, the great struggle ensues which settles the fate of Canada.

The reader may now accompany me to this remarkable field of battle. Driving past the citadel, through a gateway, and along a good road environed with several detached villas, we arrived at the open and bare plain which overhangs the St Lawrence, now partly enclosed, and used as a race-course. The ground is not quite even; it has a slight hollow at the place where we leave the public road and turn in upon it to our left. Here Wolfe was leading the fight when he received the mortal shot. This sad event did not occur till about noon; for Montcalm was unprepared for any attack in this quarter, and it was not till eleven o'clock that he left his intrenchments and brought his forces to the high ground occupied by the English army. It was a brilliant victory, but clouded by the death of Wolfe; while the French, on their part, mourned the fall of the brave Montcalm. Could the scene of this memorable engagement be visited without emotion? Some slight changes have taken place, as I have said, on the field of battle; but, on the whole, it remains pretty much what it was a century ago—a piece of bare and open pasture-land adjoining the public thoroughfare, which runs westward from the town. In the hollow to which I have referred, a monumental column of moderate height, surmounted by a bronze helmet and sword, has been erected, and surrounded by a railing. On the base is the simple inscription: 'Here died Wolfe, Victorious.' On a public promenade, at the gardens attached to the castle, an obelisk was, with good taste, erected to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm by Lord Dalhousie, governor-general, in 1827.

A rock, to the foot of which Wolfe was carried when he fell, and where he expired, has been removed; but within an enclosure lower down, the well is pointed out from which water was brought to him in his last moments. West's celebrated picture of the death of Wolfe, in which the expiring hero is seen reclining on the ground amidst a group of officers and attendants, is generally considered a faithful representation of the scene. Quitting this deeply interesting spot, and crossing the field diagonally towards the St Lawrence, the visitor reaches the enclosures of Marchmont, immediately above Wolfe's Cove. Here, on looking over the bank, we can appreciate the natural difficulties of the pathway by which the English force ascended from the landing-place on the shore beneath. How far Wolfe was justified in the expectation of finding only an insignificant force at this assailable point, or whether he was assured that, after reaching the open plain, Montcalm, in his excess of gallantry, would have the imprudence to leave his intrenchments and fortifications to meet him—are questions which military men have freely discussed. Probably Wolfe reckoned on circumstances of which we have now no precise knowledge; and surely his success in accomplishing a

difficult and hazardous enterprise is the best proof of the correctness of his anticipations. Viewing his victory as an event which, two years afterwards, led to the surrender of Montreal and the relinquishment of Canada to the British monarchy, what a lasting and important influence it may be said to have had on the cause of social progress!

The castle or citadel of Quebec, to which I was admitted by a permit from the proper authority, consists of an open rocky height, thirty to forty acres in extent, with barracks and storehouses, and surrounded by fortifications of great strength, which are extended with various deflexions round the upper part of the town. Guns are pointed from embrasures in different directions; the principal battery, composed of a number of thirty-two pounders, being on the highest cliff, which commands the St Lawrence and the suburb at the harbour. From this situation, elevated 250 feet, a fine view of the river is obtained, with its rafts and shipping, the green isle of Orleans, and Point Levi on the southern shore. At the time of my visit, a fleet of vessels from the Clyde lay at anchor, waiting to be loaded with timber. The fortress of Quebec, it is well known, is the strongest military post of Great Britain on the American continent, and is guarded with an etiquette worthy of Gibraltar. English soldiers were pacing to and fro on the lofty bastions, on which the air was thin and cold even on a sunny day in October. What must be the sensations of the unfortunate sentinels, I thought, in winter, when the thermometer ranges to 30 degrees below zero, and tends to turn all nature into an icicle!

Proceeding westward by the highway across the plains of Abraham, and passing some fine mansions, enclosed in pleasure-grounds—among others, Spencer-Wood, the residence of the governor-general—visitors will, at the distance of about two miles from Quebec, and near the St Lawrence, reach a recently laid out cemetery, environed with trees, and preserved in the finest order by a resident keeper. To this mournful enclosure I went to see the place of interment of John Wilson, the estimable and much-lamented Scottish vocalist, who died suddenly of cholera at Quebec in 1849. He was buried at the corner of a gravel-walk, near the centre of the ground, and I was gratified to observe that, by the kind contributions of his countrymen in Canada, a tall and handsome monument has been erected over his grave. The sun shone sweetly on the spot, decorated with taste, and secluded amidst sheltering woods; and though lying far from home, I thought my poor friend could not have reposed in a scene more congenial with the simple lyrics which he so happily illustrated and made so widely known by his powers of melody.

At the entrance to the cemetery, Mr Millar, the superintendent, obligingly pointed out a vault covered with turf and fitted up with stone shelving, which is used as a temporary receptacle for those who die during winter, and cannot be properly interred until frost and snow have disappeared. The necessity for some such depository of the confined dead helps to give one a notion of the inclemency of a Canadian winter. But this is revealed in other ways. So deeply does the frost penetrate into the ground, that any line of curb-stone, or stone basis for a railing, which is not founded on masonry at least three feet deep, will be dislodged by the frost, and lean over to one side at the first thaw. In many parts of Lower Canada and New Brunswick, snow lies on the ground about five months in the year, and for some part of the season the cold is more intense than we can form any adequate idea of in England. I was informed that at Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, so keen is the frost during some nights in winter, that sentinels on duty require to be changed every ten minutes. That there should be English soldiers at all in this place, as well as at Quebec and

some other stations, seems to be an unaccountable piece of folly; more particularly as desertions to the States are almost of daily occurrence. In some cases, I was assured, not only individual sentinels, but pickets of a dozen men fully accoutred make off from their posts, and find their way through woods and wilds till they cross the frontier, when they are safe from pursuit. Only on rare occasions are these runaways captured before reaching the States. In the course of one of my excursions in Nova Scotia, I passed on the road a party of six deserters who had been so recovered; they were walking handcuffed in pairs, in charge of a sergeant's guard. A state of things that admits of so much demoralisation is, I think, of very questionable policy.

Low as is the temperature in Lower Canada during winter, the climate is far from being unhealthy; and although the snow lies long on the ground, little actual loss is sustained by the agriculturist; for when mild weather arrives, nature acts with a vigour which may be said to compensate for the brevity of summer; and after all, there are perhaps more really fine days during the year than in England. Wherever I went I saw a healthy and robust appearance in the people, with much vivacity of manner. The French Canadians are known to marry young; and it is established as a fact, that life is better among them than it is in England. While the increase by births is 1 in 33 in England, it is 1 in 21 in Lower Canada; and while the deaths are 1 in 45 in England, they are 1 in 53 in the whole of Lower Canada. The simplicity of the mode of living among the rural population, doubtless contributes to this remarkable aspect of affairs; for in the district of Quebec, taken alone, the ratio of deaths is greater than it is in England. Facts of this kind go far to assure us, that Lower Canada, with all its frost and snow and its summer heats, is by no means unadapted for comfortable existence. It is only matter for regret that some of its institutions are of a nature so unsuited to modern notions, that the country, as formerly hinted at, is not likely at present to receive any large accession of agricultural settlers from Great Britain.

On leaving the cemetery, we made a circuit through some remarkably well-managed farms, and then proceeded by a by-road down the north side of the ridge of which Quebec occupies the eastern extremity. Here we arrive in an inferior suburb of wooden houses, wharfs, and ship-building yards, on the banks of the St Charles. Crossing this river by a bridge, and getting upon a good macadamised road, we were now on the way to the river Montmorenci, a tributary of the St Lawrence, and which, with its rapids and falls, forms the great wonder of this part of Canada. The country passed through is enclosed and cultivated; and the houses of the small farmers thickly stud the sides of the highway. About midway, on our right, overlooking the St Lawrence, stands the old village of Beauport, reminding us of the operations of Montcalm, of which it was the centre. Most of the cottages we pass are of a poor appearance, with doors reached by steps, so that they may be level with the surface when the snow covers the ground in winter. On the side of the road has been erected a handsome pillar, surmounted by a conspicuous gilt cross; it is enclosed with a neat railing, and provided with steps in front to accommodate kneeling devotees. I learned that this object is commemorative of the temperance movement, and here, as at a shrine, reclaimed tipplers may piously renew their vows of abstinence.

At the distance of about seven miles from Quebec, we approach the Montmorenci; and clambering over palings, on our left, getting across some mossy ground, and descending a rough woody bank, we see the turbulent river forcing its way through a bed composed of layers of limestone, the broken yet regular appearance of which resembles a series of natural steps. The

scene is wild and picturesque. In front and in the distance, the river, which is seemingly about the size of the Tweed, is seen dashing and foaming over rocks, and burying itself in great gulfs, while above is a precipice overhung with shrubs, and bearing the marks of attrition thousands of years old. There being no proper path down the high banks, we return to the road, and crossing by a bridge, gain the left side of the river. Here, on walking a short distance, we have on our right the celebrated fall of Montmorenci—a very fine thing, indeed, of its kind; for the whole river is sent at a shoot over a precipice 250 feet high, and dissolves into white foam and spray before it reaches the bottom. After the fall, it goes placidly on its way between high banks to the St Lawrence, which it meets at a right angle a few hundred yards distant. A small portion of the water, before arriving at the brink of the precipice, is led off on the right bank to turn some large saw-mills. From the promontory near the fall, the spectator has a view of Quebec, the Isle of Orleans, and the river for a considerable stretch westward.

Before leaving Quebec, I made some inquiries respecting the number of emigrants arriving annually, and other circumstances, connected with the progress of affairs in this part of Canada. It is almost unnecessary for me to say that, as a seat of the provincial government, and a flourishing mart of commerce, Quebec possesses the usual public institutions, literary and otherwise, pertaining to its character. For some time, its ship-building and timber trades have been conducted on a large scale, and on its quays is seen all the bustle of a busy seaport. As the first port at which vessels touch on ascending the St Lawrence, the place possesses a peculiar interest to emigrants; for here they usually disembark and take steamers to their respective points of destination; and here a resident emigration-agent, Mr Buchanan, is appointed to help them with advice and facilitate their movements. At the office of this useful functionary, near the quay, they will at all times receive due attention, and probably see advertisements for artisans and labourers of different classes.

Emigrants who desire to push on westwards, have an opportunity of doing so every day by a steamer from Quebec to Montreal; then they can go on board another steamer, which will take them by canal and river to Kingston at the foot of Lake Ontario. Should they wish to go on, a fresh steamer will carry them to Toronto, or to Hamilton, which is situated at the head of the lake. There they have now the Great Western Railway, which proceeds right through the fertile peninsula of Canada West to Detroit, affording numerous opportunities of stopping by the way. Soon, a great improvement on these facilities will be effected. The Grand Trunk-railway of Canada, one of the most stupendous undertakings of modern times, involving an outlay of £9,500,000 sterling, and extending its ramifications over nearly 1200 miles, has already, by a union with the Atlantic and St Lawrence railway, opened the communication between Portland and Longueuil. In July next, a branch will be extended to Quebec, by which emigrants will be taken thence to Longueuil in a few hours. The erection of a bridge two miles in length across the St Lawrence from Longueuil to Montreal; the construction at Montreal of a vast railway-depôt like that of Crewe; and the carrying of the line westward to Kingston, Toronto, and ultimately to Sarnia at the foot of Lake Huron, are among the great works just commencing, and for which thousands of hands are required.

When this magnificent railway system is completed, as it is expected to be, five years hence, persons arriving at Quebec will be able to pursue their way uninterruptedly to almost any quarter in the western country; and when I add that ocean steamers, larger and more powerful than those now on the station, are

preparing for the trade between Liverpool and the St Lawrence during summer, and between Liverpool and Portland when the river is frozen in winter, it will be seen what an immense effort is being made to open channels of communication through the province. The Grand Trunk is an English concern, aided by guarantees and bonds of the Canadian government, and having an office of management in Montreal. There, for a time, is located the company's secretary, the indefatigable Sir Cusack P. Roney, well known for his skill in developing railway traffic and uniting the commercial interests of countries far separated from each other. I have no doubt that by his adroit arrangements, travellers and emigrants will soon get tickets at the principal railway stations in England to take them to the remotest part of Canada, if not to St Louis on the Mississippi and other centres of intercourse in the great West.

Even on the present footing of communication by river and lake steamers, there is little to complain of. The vessel in which I returned to Montreal was of large size, and being constructed and managed on the plan of the American river-boats, may admit of a short description. It might be described as a structure three stories in height. Level with the quay from which we step on board, we enter by a gap into the after-part of the middle story. Towards the bows, a similar gap admits the steerage passengers, and here also the freight is taken on board. It will thus be understood that the vessel has two doorways in the side—one before and another behind the paddles. The middle floor of the vessel, so entered from the various landing-places, is sectioned off in three departments. In front, is a part devoted to emigrants or second-class passengers; the centre is for the freight; and the latter part, at the stern, is partitioned off and elegantly furnished as a cabin for ladies. By wandering among boxes and bales of goods, and opening doors, we can go from one end of the floor to the other. A small part in front of the ladies' cabin is kept clear of freight; and it is into this open space that we pass on getting on board by the after-entrance. Immediately on entering, we find on the left hand a small office with a window at which tickets are sold, as at an English railway station; and where, till the office is opened, there is a crowd anxiously waiting to have the first chance for state-rooms. The dispenser of these tickets is the purser; the stewards having nothing to do with the money-department. So much for the middle floor of the steamer; the only thing not mentioned being a small open-air platform adjoining the paddle-box on each side, accessible to the passengers, and a favourite lounge for cigar-smokers.

At one corner of the partition which cuts off the ladies' cabin, we ascend by a stair to the upper story. This consists entirely of the saloon, an apartment at least a hundred and fifty feet long, splendidly furnished and decorated; lighted from the roof, and having state-rooms along the sides, each provided with two beds and toilet articles—everything rigorously clean and commodious. A person accustomed to the river vessels of England, would be startled with the first view of this magnificent apartment. Persian carpets, elegant arm-chairs and sofas, a central marble table on which reposes a handsomely bound Bible, cut-glass chandeliers, mirrors and vases of flowers, door-handles of gilt porcelain or ivory, are among the things which meet the eye. The saloon is not of equal breadth throughout. About half-way down, it is interrupted by an enclosure for the engines, and by a passage at each side we reach the portion of the saloon beyond. This division, which is towards the stern, has no beds. It is wider than the other part, and is provided with side and end windows, whence a view of the river is obtained. In the centre of it is a stove, where the single gentlemen chiefly congregate; a small outer poop at

the extremity, being only used in fine weather. The most curious thing about the after portion of the saloon is a barber's shop, lighted from above, and adjoining the enclosure for the engines. Here, on looking through a curtained glass-door, we observe a toilet-table laid out, with all proper apparatus for shaving and hair-dressing; a luxurious chair, with a high rest for the feet; and, seated in a corner, is seen a negro operator, spelling over a newspaper, and patiently waiting for custom. No American steamer of a high class is unprovided with an establishment of this kind for the accommodation of the passengers, who, it may be said, would no more think of doing without a barber than without a cook.

It will be noticed from these arrangements, that the whole vessel, from end to end and side to side, with the exception of a small place at the stern and at the paddle-boxes, is covered in. There is no deck, no roof to which you are admitted. On the top, nothing is visible but the chimney, the beam of the engine, and the wheel-house for the steersman. The saloon is the universal lounge. There most people while away the time, till summoned to their meals. No eating or drinking is carried on in the saloon. It is a drawing, not a dining room. Meals are taken in the lowest story of the vessel, the access to which is by a stair descending from the middle floor, near the doorway to the ladies' cabin. On gaining this profundity, which is necessarily lighted with candles, we find it to be a spacious apartment, with two long tables, two rows of open beds, one above another, along the sides, and at the further extremity a bar for the sale of liquors, and a recess for washing. The kitchen is somewhere in this quarter, but not visible to the passengers.

Two hours after coming on board the vessel, of which I have here presented a picture in outline, the steward's bell sounded for tea, or supper as it is called in America, and down went a crowd from the saloon towards the eating-apartment, which, however, none was allowed to enter till the ladies had come from their cabin, and taken their seats. As usual, there was a profusion of edibles; and here, again, I looked unsuccessfully for specimens of fast eating, which, for the amusement of the thing, I should have been glad to see. The company was miscellaneous. Some were speaking in French, and some in English; but the bulk partook of their tea in silence, and dropped off one by one up stairs to the saloon. Wandering over the vessel some time afterwards, I thought of looking in upon the department on the middle floor appropriated to the humbler class of emigrants. An unpleasant spectacle presented itself: Men, women, children, bedding, boxes, and tin kettles, all jumbled together; a bar about the size of a sentry-box, for the sale of drams; and as a natural result of this last-mentioned particular, a fight among several men, and all sorts of disagreeable noises. I was fain to retreat from the apartment, pitying the unfortunate beings who were condemned to pass a night within its fetid precincts. The sale of liquors in these situations is surely highly objectionable, and the attention of the provincial legislature cannot be too soon called to the subject.

In those parts of the vessel occupied by the first-class passengers, everything went on with the decorum of a drawing-room, and strangely in contrast to the scene I had been witnessing. At ten o'clock, the saloon was nearly deserted; those who had been so fortunate as to secure state-rooms had turned in; and those who had not, went off to the beds in the eating-apartment. Here I had made sure of a berth, by putting my plaid in possession as soon as I came on board. I could not but admire the method for secluding these exposed beds. A brass framework over the top is drawn forward, and the curtains attached to it being closed, the beds, and also two chairs in front, are completely screened from observation. I have somewhere seen the sleep-

ing and toilet accommodation of American river-boats held up to ridicule; but my experience in this and other vessels has left nothing to be said in such a spirit. On the present occasion, my bed was at least equal in commodiousness to that which I had been favoured with in the Cunard steamer. It will also be satisfactory to know, that in the morning there was no want of reasonably good basins and clean towels; and that every man was turned out with boots which would have done no discredit to Day and Martin. With these comforts—laying the luxuries of private state-rooms out of the question—and a substantial breakfast which made its appearance in due course, what more could any one desire?

Retarded for several hours by fogs, we did not arrive at Montreal till noon, and I immediately prepared for my journey to Toronto. W. C.

WELLINGTON'S TREE.

THE last few years have witnessed the introduction, from various parts of the world, of trees superior as objects of beauty, as well as for their timber, to those indigenous in Britain, and to the few earlier exotics. David Douglas, the zealous botanical collector, was one of the first botanists who made the timber trees a principal object of attention, and he was instrumental in introducing into Britain many species that now form attractive ornaments to our arboreums and pleasure-grounds.* His researches were chiefly carried on in the primeval forests of North America; while other collectors have borne home the treasures of the Himalayas and of the southern hemisphere. But, numerous and valuable as were Douglas's American discoveries, it was not in the power of a solitary wanderer to exhaust the rich harvest of so extensive a region. Ever since his time, therefore, the hopeful eye of the arboriculturist has been directed to the west; and the efforts of many enthusiastic and danger-defying travellers have ministered, from time to time, to the conifer mania that now, happily for our country, excites the landed proprietors over the length and breadth of Britain, as did the less profitable tulip-mania of a former time the merchant-princes of Holland.

Besides introducing many important plants to Britain, Douglas indicated the existence of others hidden in the primeval forests that were worthy of the attention, and that eventually aroused the curiosity of European travellers. One of these is a tree, a native of California, which, in its magnificent aspect, and its almost incredible proportions, seems to outstrip every other kind in the great forests of the far west. Particulars of its re-discovery have just come to hand, and have been published in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* by Professor Lindley, who sees in it one of the most valuable additions ever made to our arboreums. Believing that no one would differ from him as to the appropriateness of the name proposed for the most gigantic tree revealed to us by modern discovery, he has conferred upon it the title of *Wellingtonia gigantea*. 'Wellington,' said he, 'stands as high above his contemporaries as the Californian tree above all the surrounding foresters. . . . Emperors, and kings, and princes have their plants, and we must not forget to place in the highest rank among them our own great warrior.'

The tree in question, or rather its seeds, and a young sapling, have been brought home to Mr Veitch by his collector, Mr Lobb, along with many other novelties of interest and importance to the horticultural world. Mr Lobb gives the following account of

* He has a living monument in *Pinus Douglasi*, a tree of great beauty, forming extensive forests of a vivid green throughout the western parts of North America, and well known in all our ornamental plantations in Britain, in many of which it is already of sufficient size to bear cones.

it:—This magnificent evergreen tree, from its extraordinary height and large dimensions, may be termed the monarch of the Californian forest. It inhabits a solitary district on the elevated slopes of the Sierra Nevada, near the head-waters of the Stanislaus and San Antonio rivers, in latitude 38° north, longitude 120° 10' west, at an elevation of 5000 feet from the level of the sea. From eighty to ninety trees exist, all within the circuit of a mile, and these varying from 250 to 320 feet in height, and from 10 to 20 feet in diameter. Their manner of growth is much like *Sequoia* (*Taxodium*) *sempervirens*; some are solitary, some are in pairs, while some not unfrequently stand three and four together. A tree recently felled measured about 300 feet in length, with a diameter, including bark, 29 feet 2 inches, at 5 feet from the ground; at 18 feet from the ground, it was 14 feet 6 inches through; at 100 feet from the ground, 14 feet; and at 200 feet from the ground, 5 feet 5 inches. The bark is of a pale cinnamon brown, and from 12 to 15 inches in thickness. The branchlets are round, somewhat pendent, and resembling the cypress or juniper. The leaves are pale grass green; those of the young trees are spreading, with a sharp acuminate point. The cones are about 2½ inches long, and 2 inches across at the thickest part. The trunk of the tree in question was perfectly solid, from the sap-wood to the centre; and judging from the number of concentric rings, its age has been estimated at 3000 years. The wood is light, soft, and of a reddish colour, like redwood or *Taxodium* *sempervirens*. Of this vegetable monster, 21 feet of the bark from the lower part of the trunk have been put in the natural form in San Francisco for exhibition; it there forms a spacious carpeted room, and contains a piano, with seats for forty persons. On one occasion, 140 children were admitted without inconvenience.

In commenting upon this account of the most wonderful of California's natural productions, Professor Lindley offers a few apt reflections:—'What a tree is this!—of what portentous aspect and almost fabulous antiquity! They say that the specimen felled at the junction of the Stanislaus and San Antonio was above 3000 years old; that is to say, it must have been a little plant when Samson was slaying the Philistines, or Paris running away with Helen, or Æneas carrying off good *pater Anchises* upon his filial shoulders!'

With regard to the age of the tree, we need hardly remind our readers that all such calculations, founded upon the number of concentric circles of wood, are more or less fallacious. A tree may produce one circle of wood in one season, and no more; but as interruptions of growth often occur—resulting from severe changes in the temperature—it is by no means uncommon for several layers to be produced during one variable summer. Calculations founded upon the thickness of the stem, probably lead nearer to the truth, although increase in absolute size is likewise subject to variation, not only in different seasons, but especially at different periods of the tree's age: in youth, it grows rapidly; but as old age comes on, it often forms very thin additions of woody matter. That the Wellingtonia is of immense age, there can be no doubt, although even at 3000 years it does not surpass the calculations that have been made of the ages of other trees. De Candolle reported some authentic cases as follows:—Elm, 335 years; cypress, 350; ivy, 450; larch, 576; orange, 630; olive, 700; the Oriental plane, 720; the cedar, 800; the lime, 1150; oak, 1500; yew, 2820; taxodium, 4000; and the baobab of Africa, 5000 years!

While by some individuals the supposed age of the Californian Wellingtonia is doubted, there are others who likewise enter their protest against its reported dimensions. To one heretical reader of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, Dr Lindley retorts:—'That the tree was over 30 feet in diameter is pretty clear from the number

of persons who can be seated in it. We understand that a mounted horseman rode into the interior of a hollow tree that had been blown over, and after proceeding some distance in the interior, turned the horse and rode out again.'

Additional testimony is afforded by a recent number of *Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture* (American), in which there is published a letter from a correspondent at San José, mentioning amongst other things: 'If you were to see the big *arbor vite* now on exhibition at San Francisco, 30 feet in diameter, you would be perfectly amazed. When I went to see it, there were twenty people dancing in the hollow part, with chairs and sofas all round.'

We have followed Dr Lindley in treating his tree as an original discovery of Douglas, now introduced to Britain for the first time by Mr Lobb; it remains for us, therefore, before closing this brief notice, to point out the foundation upon which the opinion rests.

During Douglas's last visit to California, the ill-fated naturalist thus wrote to Sir William Hooker concerning a coniferous tree inhabiting that country, of which no further information, nor seeds, nor specimens ever reached Europe:—'But the great beauty of Californian vegetation is a species of *Taxodium*, which gives the mountains a most peculiar, I was almost going to say awful appearance—something which plainly tells us we are not in Europe. I have repeatedly measured specimens of this tree 270 feet long and 32 feet round, at 3 feet above the ground. Some few I saw upwards of 300 feet high, but none in which the thickness was greater than those I have instanced.' Should the tree here alluded to by Douglas not be of the same species as that now introduced by Lobb, then there still remains in California an arboreal wonder to reward the diligence of some other traveller. The discovery of new plants, in most cases, only extends the boundaries of systematic botany, but the discoverer of a useful timber tree offers a substantial contribution to our national wealth.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XII.

AN IMPORTANT PROJECT.

THE Albany, everybody knows, is a monastery in Piccadilly, the cloisters of which are inhabited by forlorn single men who, for some reason or other, have forsworn the sex and the world. Here are bachelors who have been crossed in love, husbands who have been crossed in matrimony, and a state-porter watching the iron gates at either end of the alley of cells. Mr Fancourt's was a very respectable hermitage, fitted up with everything that could reconcile the recluse to the absence of the world he had lost or forsaken. The pretty little dinner he shared with his kinsman, Seacole, was exquisite for such a refectory; and the claret that followed would probably have stood triumphantly a comparison with the best wine grown for their own use by the holy brethren of the olden time.

Adolphus felt it somewhat difficult to explain to his friend the reason why he had found the scene at the Exhibition so painful to his feelings, and in fact he did not very well understand it himself. Here was a fellow, however, who from his very boyhood had continually rivalled him in some way or other, and always successfully. He, Seacole, after having contemptuously dared him to the arena of the world, now fell in with him again; and instead of finding him the vagrant he was born, or in the mechanical employment to which the ambition of a vagrant's son might be supposed to point, he was

encountered by him once more on terms of equality—once more he saw him bar his path like a spectre.

After hearing all Adolphus had to say on the subject, Fancourt mused for a moment.

'Why,' said he, 'this Oaklands must be a fine fellow; and in a dozen or a score of years, if he gets on well in the world, his birth, instead of being looked upon as a stigma, will be considered rather as something enhancing his merit. Till a man does get on, however, such a thing stands in his way; it is a difficulty to be surmounted; and his rivals or enemies take advantage of it to keep him down as long as they can. Never fancy, Dolphy—for that is a vulgar tradition—that this young fellow is to be despised *because* he is a born vagrant: in point of fact he is to be despised only because he has not yet distinguished himself in money-making, or war, or law, or letters, or art. Without some such consummation he is nothing, at least, in the station in which you now find him. There his gentlemanly manners and handsome person promote him to be merely an agreeable dangle, or one of the clever people, as they are called, who are stuck in to give piquancy to the dull parties of idealless fashion. Only fancy Claudia Falcontower thinking seriously of this genius, without a coin in his pocket, without a bay-leaf on his brow! The thing is absurd—more than absurd: why, if you betrayed such a suspicion to her, she would strike you dead at her feet with one flash of her magnificent eyes. But still, although there is no possibility of her regarding him as anything more than a lay-figure, his feelings of hostility—for which I have no doubt you have given abundant cause—may damage you. It is your game, therefore, to detach his hold as well as you can from the family—to put a stop to that personal familiarity between them which might give him opportunity for damaging whispers in the ear of your Eve.'

'Could not this be done by a mere touch of Ithuriel's spear, by which is figured Truth? Would the haughty Claudia continue to make a companion of one whom she knew to be a vagrant poor and unrenowned?'

'Hum! I don't know. There is a certain convenience in a man standing alone in the world, with no circle round him to prevent his getting into other circles, nobody to hang upon the skirts of his good fortune when he is rising. There is an evil report, you know, about the origin of this Oaklands, which if true—or believed to be true—would be far more damaging than the fact of his being really the foundling of Wearyfoot Common. As the natural son of a half-pay captain and a menial servant, and surrounded, doubtless, by countless relations in the same degree, all watching eagerly for a peep of his head rising above the crowd, our friend, it strikes me, would have little chance of retaining the patronage of the Falcontowers.'

'You are right, Fancourt!—I see my game, and I will play it out. I hardly remember the particulars, beyond this, that the parentage you refer to was acknowledged by Oaklands himself when a boy, and in my mother's presence. Poring, however, knows all about it, and for some reason or other, he hates the fellow still worse than I do. How is it that *you*, who play your cards so well, and know the value of the honours, have never married?'

'Simply because I am not the inheritor of a landed estate like you. I have money enough to do without a wife's fortune, and not money enough to desire an heir—rank enough to require no matrimonial quarterings, and not rank enough to make it necessary to fortify it by marriage—sense enough to know that I am well off, and not sense enough to wish to be better off. But consult your fellow, that's my advice to you. I admire Poring prodigiously: it is only circumstances that have made him a footman—nature must have intended him for a man of fashion.'

Leaving Adolphus to the prosecution of his plans for detaching Robert from the intimacy of the Falcon-

towers—plans he would have delighted in pursuing even if his own personal interest had not been at stake—we must now look in at Simple Lodge, just to prevent the inmates from slipping out of the reader's memory. The difficulty in this case is to relate a history that has no incidents. Sara's was the life of a flower, which grows without being seen to grow, which waxes in beauty spontaneously and unconsciously, and the aroma of which comes forth sweeter and richer every day, without exhibiting any external token of change. Let it be said, however, that the song which burst forth from her heart in the garden carried with it, as an oblation to the heavens, every remains of girlish immaturity. From that moment she was a thinking, feeling, comprehending woman, and even her attentions to her uncle and aunt, without losing a jot of their fondness, acquired a character of judgment which rendered them a thousand times more valuable. Sara, in fine, no longer passed through life,

A dancing shape, an image gay,

but a pilgrim of the earth, burdened with its cares, supported by its hopes, and even when its sorrows were heaviest, buoyed up with a generous confidence, which is the heaven of this world, and when sublimed into religious faith, the herald of the world to come.

It may be supposed that her intercommunications with Robert received some modifications as they went on. At first they would be almost suspended by a feeling of bashful consciousness; but gradually when she became accustomed to her new feelings, the natural ingenuousness of her character would prevail. Robert, although possessing, as she had said herself, the soul of a gentleman, was poor, low in conventional rank, and, O how lonely in the world! This was much. This went a great way in thawing her reserve, for it gave an air of generosity to her advances towards confidence. We admit, however, that here we are thrown in a great measure upon conjecture, for in spite of our manifold experience, we remain to this hour in profound ignorance of the female heart. For this reason we confine ourselves in a great measure, as the reader must have seen, to external phenomena; and for this reason, we will at present dogmatise no further than to say, that in circumstances of difficulty of any kind whatever, the advance always comes from the woman. And why? Because she is naturally more ingenuous, naturally more courageous, except as regards physical bravery, and naturally more generous than the man. If 'advance' is objected to, substitute any other expression you please—anything giving the idea of a look, a tone, a word, a touch which, occurring at the proper time, shivers the ice of conventionality, as if by magic, into a thousand pieces.

That some such process as this took place, however gradually, between her and Robert, is certain. Theirs, it is true, was not a love correspondence, for it could not have been so without being a clandestine one; but in their public letters there were words and allusions, tremulous fears, half-hinted hopes, precious to the hearts of both, and at least enigmas to the captain and Elizabeth. The speculations of these worthy souls concerning such passages were listened to by Sara, with her head bent down over the paper, and her cheeks flushed half with bashful consciousness, and half—we must own it—with an awful inclination to laugh. But there were likewise, it must be said, in her letters, although only occasionally, and always occurring at the graver turns of Robert's fortunes, brief private postscripts. These, however, betrayed no other feeling than that of anxious friendship, and contained no words but those of encouragement, consolation, or advice—advice such as a lofty-minded and loving woman may offer to a man, her superior in genius and experience, but struggling in the toils of the world.

On a particular occasion, when Robert had written

in a strain of much depression, one of these 'postscripts' insinuated itself unconsciously to the writer into the body of her reply; and when the letter was read aloud, as usual, to the captain and Elizabeth, it excited a good deal of speculation. It ran thus: 'I do not see why you should fancy yourself hanging loose upon the world as one without a profession, while you are supporting yourself by your pen. Thoughts, although immaterial themselves, are the rulers of matter: there is not an idea thrown off by an author which has not an effect of some kind upon the minds, and therefore upon the actions, of those who read. Every book finds a fit audience, however few—an audience so constituted as to realise the impression it is calculated to convey. A single leaf torn out, and drifting on the wind to the roadside, may contain something to sink into the heart, or fasten upon the imagination of the curious passer-by, and fructify there either for good or evil. May it not be from some unconscious apprehension of this fact, that the Mohammedans pick up from the ground every scrap of paper they see, lest it contain the name of God? Yes, Robert, thoughts are facts; and he who deals in them is no dreaming hermit, abstracted from the business of life, but a sharer in the scenes—silent, it may be, and invisible in his person, yet exercising a palpable influence upon the action. Go on, then, in good heart. Be as proud of the work of your brain as you would be of the work of your hands; and when some glorious thought struggles into birth, think that there are those who will receive it with a flush of the cheek and a catching of the breath, as something their souls have prophesied of—something they have panted for, even "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks." Here Sara stopped with a true flush and a true catching of the breath, for she had nearly been betrayed by her enthusiasm into reading what, in her womanly generosity, she had added: 'I judge from myself, as an average specimen of humanity; for I can truly say, that I never knew what nobleness slept, useless and apathetic, in my own intellectual nature, till it was kindled up by contact with yours.'

'Hold!' cried the captain; 'read that again!' This was not an unusual exclamation of his; but Sara complied falteringly, for she felt that a postscript had no business to be in the middle of a letter.

'What do you think of that, Elizabeth?'

'It is the opinion of Sumpshinplunger,' replied the virgin, 'that thoughts are as substantial as any other existing things. We know that the invisible wind is substantial, because it knocks down the chimney-pots; and a thought must be so, too, because it hurries men along, in some particular course, more violently than the wind itself. When the subject is better understood, we shall probably be able to measure the potency of thought like that of steam, by so many horse-power, or even try it in scales like a ponderable substance, and affix its value by the poundweight. When this is the case, Sumpshinplunger himself will be better appreciated, for men will be able to estimate more correctly the prodigious substantiality of his vapour, and the sublime ponderosity of his reflections.'

'That's very true, Elizabeth,' said the captain; 'that's very true—only I doubt whether the dealers in such substantial articles, even if these were as thick as mud, and as heavy as lead, would make anything by them. They all live in Grub Street, every mother's son of them, and come out at night to lie on the bulk-heads.'

'My dear uncle,' expostulated Sara, 'there is no Grub Street now: it is changed to Milton Street; and as for bulk-heads, there is no such thing to lie upon.'

'No! I am sorry for that. What are the poor fellows to do? They can't be walking the streets for ever and ever. Couldn't the government do something for them? I would subscribe a little myself if I

thought it would be of any use. But I'll tell you what we must do, Sara: we must go up to London ourselves, and see after poor Bob. You are of age now, and there must be lots of things, you know, to sign, seal, and deliver. As for my agent, the fine fellow is paying a good dividend after all, and I must go to town at any-rate about that. But we mustn't take it all from him, after what he has suffered—I think, in his printed letter, he called it poignant affliction—we'll give him back as much of it as Bob doesn't want, and speak comfortably to the poor soul, and ask him down here to have a run upon the Common. Hey, Elizabeth?'

Elizabeth gave her assent as calmly as if the matter in question was a forenoon walk, and then went on industriously with her knitting, as if thinking it was necessary to finish the piece, lest she should be called upon to set out after dinner.

Sara was even more tranquil, for the idea came upon her with a paralysing suddenness; but by and by a revulsion took place, and she was thrown into a nervous flutter, which made her take refuge, as was her wont in moments of strong emotion of any kind, in the recesses of the garden. Here she walked and mused for some time, now indulging in a delicious dream, and now starting with a feeling of incredulity, the whole thing seeming a wild impossibility. She at length, however, became accustomed to the idea; and when gliding towards the house, she was overheard—for the kitchen window was open—crooning a low happy song: which, when the sound died away, Molly straightway took up like an echo, as her thoughts floated across Wearyfoot Common.

It was Sara's wish to add a postscript to her letter, informing Robert of their intention; but this the captain peremptorily overruled. The time, he said, was not yet fixed; and at anyrate, he was strongly desirous of seeing how Bob would look when he saw them all on a sudden in London. This idea took a strong hold of the veteran's imagination, and he was frequently seen to indulge in a little inward cackination as it occurred to him.

The family were busy for some considerable time in preparing for this important expedition; the captain and Elizabeth occupied with abstract speculations on the subject, and Sara and Molly with the work of the head and hands. The day, always too short for Sara, now dwindled into the briefest imaginable span; and she would have grudged the repose of the night, if she had not sunk, the moment her head was laid upon the pillow, into a profound unconsciousness, from which she awoke only when her eyelids were touched by the first beams of the sun. She was the housekeeper, it has been said—and more than that, for Molly required teaching both by precept and example. Sara had learned only some knick-knackeries of cookery under the former régime; and when Mrs Margery abdicated, she was obliged to study the whole art in books, that she might teach and experimentalise in the kitchen. The captain liked passing well a nice dinner, and the necessity for parting with the mysterious cook had cost him many a secret pang; but although a little gloomy and suspicious at first, he soon became wonderfully reconciled to the joint workmanship of his niece and Molly, and at length declared frankly, that any difference he could detect was on the favourable side. Sara rivalled Mrs Margery in other accomplishments too—ironing and clear-starching; and Molly, who was a famous hand at the suds, delighted in washing-day, since it gave her still more of her young mistress's company than usual. And did not Sara like it too—just? Never was there a pair of happier girls seen than when the one was plying her smoothing-iron, and the other standing resolutely at the tub, with the smoking froth flying wildly about her red arms, and both every now and then suspending operations to fly out into the garden and lay down on

the smooth green a score of white pieces to grow still whiter in the sun.

Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones, all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I—

for the intellectual and accomplished Sara was refined, not vulgarised, by these humble labours, and by the accompanying gushes of natural and womanly feeling welling from her heart, and, like the exhalations from the snowy linen on the green, rising, a purifying oblation, to the skies. Sara was a capital gardener, too, in vegetables as well as flowers; and being the marketing woman of the family, she knew and could name every human flower in the village, and was a light-bringing visitor in every dwelling, from the respectable bakery, to the hut of the indigent widow.

'I tell you what, Sara,' said the captain one day, after having watched her through some of her ordinary operations, ended by her sitting down to dinner, officiating as chaplain, and taking up the knife and fork to dissect a chicken—'I tell you what, Sara, you bring to my recollection the nun of Torrajos, as distinctly as if I had seen her only yesterday!'

'The nun of Torrajos?' repeated Sara, puzzled.

'Yes—a real nun. It's worth hearing, Elizabeth.' Elizabeth laid down her knife and fork, and turned upon her brother her light gray eyes with the curiosity of a wax-figure. 'I was acquainted with that nun,' proceeded the veteran; 'I knew her very well indeed; for I saw her several times, and I am almost sure she noticed me once. Well, you see, the convent was burned, and the poor things routed out; and this nun was waiting in a shed till a mule could be got for her. Now, if I had known Sara then—well, well! The nun, you see, was sitting on a bench, with her hood hanging over her face, and her hands crossed over her bosom; and there she was—no, she wasn't laying out the clothes on the green: in point of fact there was no green. But she was—no, she wasn't digging in the garden, for there was no garden to dig in: that accounts for it. But she was—no, not exactly patting the little girls' heads, and giving their grandmothers sixpences, for there were no little girls, and no grandmothers; and the nun, poor young woman, hadn't sixpence in the world: she was, in fact, doing nothing, nothing at all, and so— There's Molly, I declare! What do you want, Molly? What are you astonished about now? It's a hard case that I must always have to break off my story in the middle!'

'O sir,' said Molly deprecatingly, 'I only wanted to see if you wanted anything.'

'What is that you have got half under your apron?'

'O sir, it's only a letter.'

'Why don't you give it, then?' She handed it to Sara.

'This is for you, Molly,' said her young mistress. 'Why do you give me your own letter, and before you have even broken the seal?'

'O miss, do read it for me after dinner; pray, do. I wouldn't open it for the world—the last did you so much good!' Sara blushed celestial rosy red at this imputation; but the captain hearing that it was from Mrs Margery, would permit no delay, as it was sure to contain news of Robert; and Sara, nothing loath, desired the cover to be put again upon the chicken, and read as follows:—'DEAR MOLLY—This comes hoping you are well, being the same myself; and to thank you for your kind letter, addressed by Miss Sara, which I received duly, but being written by you, Molly, which I could not read one word of it, good, bad, or indifferent. So, all the news of Wearyfoot I got was from Mr Poring, who came to make proposals of marriage, and drink tea with me—think of that! He wanted me to be a landlady, with red ribbons over the ears; and he was so bitter when I told him I would do no

such foolishness, and called Master Robert so many names, that as soon as ever he was gone, I burst out a-crying.

'Master Robert gave up the cabinet-making long ago, and goes out almost every morning like the first gentleman in the land. My cousin Driftwood says he is a unanimous writer, which means that doesn't put his name to it; but Master Robert never says a word to nobody himself, which he is quite right to do. O Molly Jinks, if it isn't coming out as fast as ever it can! I think it is a family of Barrow knights he belongs to, or at least they are some of the kinsfolk, for they have been making all the inquiries about him that people do about fondlings who have strawberries upon their left side, and he goes about with the ladies arm-in-arm, as close as brother and sister. There is a lord, too, who is another relation; and it was in one of their houses that Mr Poring found me out, by means of a picture of me that Master Robert had lent them to put in their drawing-room. There is also Mrs Doubleback, a lady of the first fashion, who would give her eyes to have him for one of her daughters, and who has sent him an invitation to a grand ball. But he looks higher, I can tell Mrs D., for all her fashion; and good right he has, for if there ever was a born gentleman in this world, his name is Master Robert Oaklands. So no more at present, Molly Jinks; but be sure I will write again the moment it comes to pass, and am always your obedient friend,
MARGERY OAKLANDS.'

This letter was the subject of much conversation between the captain and his sister, although the former could not very well comprehend, at first, how a woman of the name of Sall could have turned out to be a baronet's lady. As his mind, however, became accustomed to the idea, he could not undertake to affirm that the thing was impossible, more especially when he recollected a circumstance that had occurred in his own regiment. We do not feel ourselves called upon, however, to lay the details of this circumstance before the reader; for it does not appear clearly how the fact of the drummer's wife referred to turning out to be the fifer's sister, can throw any very extraordinary light upon the point in question. As for Elizabeth, she was of opinion with Sumplinger, that in a state of being where the materials of the body are undergoing a constant process of change, it must be a very difficult thing to establish any point of identity—or, in fact, to tell who is who at all. She hoped, however, that if any young man (hypothetically speaking) turned out unexpectedly to be a lord, he would never forget that there was nothing more than an empty title between him and a vagrant.

Sara appeared to listen in silence to these speculations; but in reality she was communing with her own unquiet heart. Whatever the course might be, it was evident that Robert was now in a position which deprived the proposed expedition to London of every pretext of generosity. It was one thing to visit him when he was low in station and depressed in mind, and another thing to force a country girl upon his society, when that was courted by the noble and the fashionable. There seemed, at length, to be something even indelicate in the idea of this journey; and a stranger, observing her manner, might have been curious to know what there was in the prospects of her friend to account for such obvious discontent and depression.

But Molly was curious about nothing of the kind, for she saw at a glance what was the matter, and made up her mind on the instant that the whole male sex was a concrete mass of selfishness and deception. The baker paid handsomely for this generalisation: his loaf that day was thrown back to the culprit with indignation.

'What is the matter, Molly?' cried he in alarm.

'Crusty!' replied Molly; and she walked back to

the house like an empress at the Cobourg, with the crown upon her head, the sceptre in her hand, her train borne by two pages, and her nose commencing with the skies.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

MR BOGUE appears to be engrossing all the young poets who give signs of originality of thought and poetic fancy; Mr Smith's works have reached a third edition; and here comes Gerald Massey, with his *Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems*. A memoir prefixed to the poetry gives a woful account of the ground-down life of the author—a life without a childhood, a life of constant drudgery, starvation, and misery in every form; first in a silk-mill, then at straw-plaiting. He is a red-hot democrat; but he does not confine his muse to what he conceives to be deep social wrong and fervent denunciation of it. His lyric poetry is sometimes distinguished by bursts of luxuriant fancy; but its prevailing tone is that of pathos, frequently soaring into a sort of agony. This is true of several of his political lyrics, and his wild and heart-rent *Ballad of Babe Christabel*. Every line, indeed, which this new poet writes bears the stamp of thorough earnestness, of intense feeling, and is couched in a style perfectly his own. In aristocratic, and perhaps, still more, in bourgeois circles, Gerald Massey may find no favour; but he is certain of a wide-extended popularity among the classes which form the base of our social column. From many of his political sentiments we altogether dissent; but probably as years go by, and experience increases, more moderate views may be generated in Mr Massey's mind.

Autobiographic Sketches, from the pen of De Quincey, the famous Opium-eater, cannot but excite a vivid interest in the literary world, and no little curiosity in general circles. The strange craving for opium, and the extraordinary extent to which habit enabled De Quincey to carry its consumption with comparative impunity, would have rendered him a marked man, even had he not possessed that strong intellect and fine fancy with which he was gifted, dashed as it was with a spice of fantastic eccentricity peculiarly and distinctly his own. Some of his more rhapsodic writings had no doubt been composed more or less under the influence of his favourite drug, consumed in the form of what it was his wont to call 'laudanum toddy.' But many finely conceived and imaginative papers were written anterior to the opium-eating; and a lesser number, but still unmarked by any symptoms of mental decay, when to a great extent he had conquered his propensity. The present volume is an extremely pleasant one, full of literary anecdote and reminiscence. Indeed, a man who had lived alternately in the highest literary society of Edinburgh, and amid the calm yet profound intellects of the Lakes, gathering together innumerable traits and features of city and of mountain manners—the bourgeois of the one, and the peasantry and cottagers of the other, could not but be heaping up a rich store of varied materials for his pictures of human life. The matter now published is partly new, and partly reprinted. It is in a great measure devoted to the Lakists—to their tranquil lives and intellectual converse, mingled with mountain stories—some of them merry, others sad. Altogether, the volume cannot fail of obtaining a great popularity.

Mr Hugh Miller is well known by the series of books which he has published during the last sixteen years. In the geological world, he is noted as the expositor of the formation called the Old Red Sandstone; and in his native country of Scotland, he enjoys a local fame as editor of the chief newspaper devoted to the inte-

rests of the Free Church. Arrived now at middle age, this remarkable man looks back over his early days, when first a simple village boy and next a journeyman stone-mason, and it occurs to him that the story of the process of self-education through which he passed, and by virtue of which he has risen into eminence, might be of some use to the public. Here, accordingly, does he add to his former books a substantial tome, detailing the first thirty years of his life.* It is, in our opinion, the best of Mr Miller's books—and simply, because he has never before had so good a subject as himself. He speaks with manly candour of his early poverty and toil, as well as of the rough and somewhat dangerous sports he was allowed to indulge in, under the brideless care of a widowed mother. The most valuable element, however, of his book, is the detail he gives regarding the influences which formed his mind—old-fashioned Presbyterian relatives with traditional prepossessions in favour of the Church of Scotland, the poor and inefficient schooling of a Scotch village, the books of light literature and more solid matters which he was enabled to read, the natural objects of sea-beach and inland, by the study of which he laid the groundwork of his present distinction as a geologist and naturalist. It is profoundly interesting to trace the fashioning of the youth by these external agencies, though, after all, we must rest in the belief that he would not have been anything like what he is without a native character of a most remarkable order, and which must have, in almost any circumstances, projected itself before us in strongly determined lineaments. Hundreds of Cromarty youths are yearly coming forth into maturity under precisely the same circumstances as Mr Miller; but none of them is like him. Let them exercise, you will say, the same observation and reflection, and they will be similar; but you must first prove that they have those powers to be so exercised.

Observation and reflection are Mr Miller's great gifts. He sees a group in social life or an assemblage of natural objects with faithfulness most extraordinary; from the homeliest of such subjects he extracts the whole soul, or he invests them with the charm of collateral lights and associations; so that we come to think there must be nowhere such interesting people as his cottagers, nowhere such rich fields of research as the beach and caves of Cromarty. Take the following as an example of the sagacity he displays in observing external nature. Along the cliffy shore near his native town, as in other parts of the coast of Scotland, there is a line of dry caves in the face of the rock, about twenty feet above the line of similar objects which the sea is at present engaged in hollowing out. Surveying this set of objects impresses on Mr Miller 'the fact of the amazing antiquity of the globe. I found,' he says, 'that the caves hollowed by the surf, when the sea had stood from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet above its present level, or, as I should perhaps rather say, when the land had stood that much lower, were deeper, on the average, by about one-third, than those caves of the present coast-line that are still in the course of being hollowed by the waves. And yet the waves have been breaking against the present coast-line during the whole of the historic period. The ancient wall of Antoninus, which stretched between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, was built at its terminations with reference to the existing levels; and ere Caesar landed in Britain, St Michael's Mount was connected with the mainland, as now, by a narrow neck of beach laid bare by the ebb, across which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Cornish miners used to drive at low-water their carts laden with tin. If the sea has stood for two thousand six hundred years against the present coast-line—and no geologist would fix his estimate of the term lower—then must it have stood

* *My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of My Education.* By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1854.

against the old line, ere it could have excavated caves one-third deeper than the modern ones, three thousand nine hundred years. And both sums united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does not the epoch of the old coast-line form!

At about eighteen, while apprentice to a mason, Mr Miller spent a summer in helping to build a house in the vale of the Conon, in Ross-shire. He and his companions, on this and similar occasions, bivouacked in an outhouse pervious to the elements, without any female attendance or service, sleeping on bundles of straw, and cooking their own porridge and oat-cakes—the only food they had to eat. It was a rough debasing life; yet our author, resisting not merely the degrading effects of physical circumstances, but the moral tendencies of the society he mingled with, maintained both his habits of observing nature and of reading. 'I had,' he says, 'entered a noisy and uproarious school, one without master or monitors; but its occasional lessons were, notwithstanding, eminently worthy of being scanned.' He goes on to remark the notable stamp which various trades take from position and circumstance. 'Between the workmen that pass sedentary lives within doors, such as weavers and tailors, and those who labour in the open air, such as masons and ploughmen, there exists a grand generic difference. Sedentary mechanics are usually less contented than laborious ones; and as they almost always work in parties, and as their comparatively light, though often long and wearily plied employments, do not so much strain their respiratory organs but that they can keep up an interchange of idea when at their toils, they are generally much better able to state their grievances, and much more fluent in speculating on their causes. They develop more freely than the laborious out-of-door workers of the country, and present, as a class, a more intelligent aspect. On the other hand, when the open-air worker does so overcome his difficulties as to get fairly developed, he is usually of a fresher and more vigorous type than the sedentary one. Burns, Hogg, Allan Cunningham, are the literary representatives of the order; and it will be found that they stand considerably in advance of the Thoms, Bloomfields, and Tannahills that represent the sedentary workmen. The silent, solitary, hard-toiled men, if nature has put no better stuff in them than that of which stump-orators and Chartist lecturers are made, remain silent, repressed by their circumstances; but if of a higher grade, and if they once do get their mouths fairly opened, they speak with power, and bear with them into our literature the freshness of the green earth and the freedom of the open sky. * * *

'The professional character of the mason varies a good deal in the several provinces of Scotland, according to the various circumstances in which he is placed. He is in general a blunt, manly, taciturn fellow, who, without much of the Radical or Chartist about him, especially if wages be good and employment abundant, rarely touches his hat to a gentleman. His employment is less purely mechanical than many others: he is not like a man ceaselessly engaged in pointing needles or fashioning pin-heads. On the contrary, every stone he lays or hews demands the exercise of a certain amount of judgment for itself; and so he cannot wholly suffer his mind to fall asleep over his work. When engaged, too, in erecting some fine building, he always experiences a degree of interest in marking the effect of the design developing itself piecemeal, and growing up under his hands; and so he rarely wearies of what he is doing. Further, his profession has this advantage—that it educates his sense of sight. Accustomed to ascertain the straightness of lines at a glance, and to cast his eye along plane walls, or the mouldings of entablatures or architraves, in order to determine the rectitude of the masonry, he

acquires a sort of mathematical precision in determining the true bearings and position of objects, and is usually found, when admitted into a rifle-club, to equal, without previous practice, its second-rate shots. He only falls short of its first-rate ones because, uninitiated by the experience of his profession in the mystery of the parabolic curve, he fails, in taking aim, to make the proper allowance for it. The mason is almost always a silent man: the strain on his respiration is too great, when he is actively employed, to leave the necessary freedom to the organs of speech; and so at least the provincial builder or stone-cutter rarely or never becomes a democratic orator. I have met with exceptional cases in the larger towns; but they were the result of individual idiosyncrasies, developed in clubs and taverns, and were not professional.'

The great lesson which Mr Miller learned in his summer experiences as a mason seems to have been to endure hardship. He has often known mason-parties reduced to spend a rainy day in an outhouse without fire, and only meal slaked in cold water to eat. Nevertheless, their spirits are always higher in such circumstances than when in a more comfortable situation at home. 'My experience,' he says, 'of barrack-life has enabled me to receive without hesitation what has been said of the occasional merriment of slaves in America and elsewhere, and fully to credit the often-repeated statement, that the abject serfs of despotic governments laugh more than the subjects of a free country. Poor fellows! If the British people were as unhappy as slaves or serfs, they would, I daresay, learn in time to be quite as merry. There are, however, two circumstances that serve to prevent the bothy-life of the north-country mason from essentially injuring his character in the way it almost never fails to injure that of the farm-servant. As he has to calculate on being part of every winter, and almost every spring, unemployed, he is compelled to practise a self-denying economy, the effect of which, when not carried to the extreme of a miserly narrowness, is always good.'

He says elsewhere that he enjoyed in his fifteen years of laborious life 'fully the average amount of happiness.' 'Let me add—for it seems to be very much the fashion of the time to draw dolorous pictures of the condition of the labouring-classes—that from the close of the first year in which I wrought as a journeyman, up till I took final leave of the mallet and chisel, I never knew what it was to want a shilling; that my two uncles, my grandfather, and the mason with whom I served my apprenticeship—all working-men—had had a similar experience; and that it was the experience of my father also. I cannot doubt that deserving mechanics may, in exceptional cases, be exposed to want; but I can as little doubt that the cases are exceptional, and that much of the suffering of the class is a consequence either of improvidence on the part of the competently skilled, or of a course of trifling during the term of apprenticeship—quite as common as trifling at school—that always lands those who indulge in it in the hapless position of the inferior workman.'

Mr Miller's first step out of the life of a mechanic was into that of an accountant in a bank. He here found himself less able and willing to pursue study than he had been in his former situation. 'The unintellectual toils of the labouring-man have been occasionally represented as less favourable to mental cultivation than the semi-intellectual employments of that class immediately above him, to which our clerks, shopmen, and humbler accountants belong; but it will be found that exactly the reverse is the case, and that, though a certain conventional gentility of manner and appearance on the side of the somewhat higher class may serve to conceal the fact, it is on the part of the labouring-man that the real advantage lies. The mercantile accountant or law-clerk, bent over his desk, his faculties concentrated on his columns of figures, or on the pages

which he has been carefully engrossing, and unable to proceed one step in his work without devoting to it all his attention, is in greatly less favourable circumstances than the ploughman or operative mechanic, whose mind is free though his body labours, and who thus finds, in the very rudeness of his employments, a compensation for their humble and laborious character. And it will be found that the humbler of the two classes is much more largely represented in our literature than the class by one degree less humble. Ranged against the poor clerk of Nottingham, Henry Kirke White, and the still more hapless Edinburgh engrossing clerk, Robert Fergusson, with a very few others, we find in our literature a numerous and vigorous phalanx, composed of men such as the Ayrshire Ploughman, the Ettrick Shepherd, the Fifeshire Foresters, the sailors Dampier and Falconer—Bunyan, Bloomfield, Ramsay, Tannahill, Alexander Wilson, John Clare, Allan Cunningham, and Ebenezer Elliot.

The opinion of such a shrewd observer as Mr Miller regarding any point in the social condition of the class of operatives may well be listened to, with whatever caution it may be accepted. While working in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh in 1825, a great strike took place among the stone-masons, who, under a building mania, were already realising unusually high wages. Miller knew that nearly all the men, by reason of improvidence, were unprepared to hold out a single fortnight, and he refused to take any part in the movement. He goes on to remark, 'there is a want of true leadership among our operatives in these combinations. It is the wilder spirits that dictate the conditions; and, pitching their demands high, they begin usually by enforcing acquiescence in them on the quieter and more moderate among their companions. They are tyrants to their fellows ere they come into collision with their masters, and have thus an enemy in the camp, not unwilling to take advantage of their seasons of weakness, and prepared to rejoice, though secretly mayhap, in their defeats and reverses.' He had himself experienced persecution from his fellow-workmen, because he would not join in their debauches, and maintained the religious feelings which had been awakened in his youth. He proceeds to explain how it is that true leadership is wanting in the class. 'Combination is first brought to bear among them against the men, their fellows, who have vigour enough of intellect to think and act for themselves; and such always is the character of the born leader: their true leaders are almost always forced into the opposition; and thus separating between themselves and the men fitted by nature to render them formidable, they fall under the direction of mere chatters and stump-orators, which is, in reality, no direction at all. The author of the *Working-man's Way in the World*—evidently a very superior man—had, he tells us, to quit at one time his employment, overborne by the senseless ridicule of his brother workmen. Somerville states in his *Autobiography*, that, both as a labouring-man and a soldier, it was from the hands of his comrades that—save in one memorable instance—he had experienced all the tyranny and oppression of which he had been the victim. Nay, Benjamin Franklin himself was deemed a much more ordinary man in the printing-house in Bartholomew Close, where he was teased and laughed at as the *Water-American*, than in the House of Representatives, the Royal Society, or the court of France. The great printer, though recognised by accomplished politicians as a profound statesman, and by men of solid science as "the most rational of the philosophers," was regarded by his poor brother composers as merely an odd fellow, who did not conform to their drinking usages, and whom it was therefore fair to tease and annoy.

We have confined our extracts chiefly to these abstract observations of our author, because of finding

that the narrative portion of the book depends for its effect more upon the general strain of its extended descriptions, than upon any isolated part possessing a special interest of its own. Our readers must, therefore, understand, that they have only here seen some samples of the observing faculty of our author, and must resort to the volume itself if they would wish to enjoy the profoundly interesting spectacle which it presents of the rise of a brave thinking man out of the plays and gauds of childhood, and the slough of circumstances fitted for and honourable to many, but not fitted for him.

THE STUDIO.

Amongst the phases of art-life in London, the picture-sales and sale-rooms are not the least remarkable. When we say picture-sales, we include pictures of all kinds—ancient and modern, oil and water colour, with engravings of every species—line, mezzotint, etching, wood, steel, and copper. Besides these, the art-sales also include collections of gems, vases, bronzes, cameos, intaglios, illustrated books of all kinds; and in fact, every object which can come under the definition of art, or even its remotest outskirts. The greatest of these sale-rooms is undoubtedly that of Christie and Manson, in which vast quantities of pictures and prints are sold, particularly during the season. For three days before the sale, the rooms are open to everybody; gratis catalogues are distributed; and the apartment is, according to the interest of the sale, more or less crowded with amateurs, artists, and dealers, examining with careful eyes what is authentic and what is suspected to be manufactured. Sales of the cabinets of noted collectors, of artists, or of the art treasures of great houses, inspire confidence and attract crowds. But when the sale is advertised anonymously as of the 'collection of a gentleman going abroad'—or, more suspicious still, 'under particular circumstances'—to wit, perhaps under an execution—Wardour Street and certain adjacent localities are instantly suspected of having slipped in their manufactured Raphaels, Rembrandts, Titians, and Murillos. All the class of dark painters, such as many of the Dutch and Spanish artists, are great favourites with imitators. The broad effects of light and shade are easily put on canvas—there is no detail to be worked out, no perspective to put in, three parts of the picture are 'darkness visible'; and many are the amateurs who, by its 'richness and depth of tone,' are taken in and done for. The fact is, that if all the pictures which are sold as those of the 'great masters' and the 'old masters,' not only in London, but in all the hundred continental towns in which art is at a premium, were really what they were represented to be, the old and great masters in question must have painted pictures by thousands. Let those, then, who set up for amateurs, and begin to form cabinets, beware that in the Domenichino they covet, they are not laying out a couple of hundred pounds for Jones, or in an undoubted Velasquez, are not acquiring an authentic Smith.

One of our artists—and also one of the most remarkable of them—John Martin, has been taken from us by a fit of paralysis, brought on, there is too much reason to fear, by overwork, and consequent overmental exertion. Martin was born near Hexham, in Northumberlandshire, and having, from earliest boyhood, expressed his determination to be a painter, his parents placed him to learn herald-painting in a coachmaker's yard. Sick of this drudgery, he broke his indentures, and was put under the tuition of an Italian artist of repute in Newcastle, named Boniface Musso, the father of the celebrated enamel painter, Charles Musso. The son wished the father to join him in London, and John Martin, then seventeen, accompanied him. But china painting suited him no better than panel painting, and becoming a struggling artist, he worked himself up

sooner than such personages generally do. We have, of course, no space here to follow Mr Martin through, on the whole, a prosperous career. Every one knows the peculiarity, the particular grandeur and vastness of his style, and the heroic and most frequently scriptural character of his subjects. If Martin was not after his manner sublime, he was nothing. Unless he was surrounded by clouds, lightning flashes, or gorgeous Assyrian palaces, or delineating some convulsion, or awful catastrophe of nature, his efforts were puerile and fade. But when he produced such works as the 'Fall of Babylon,' 'Belshazzar's Feast,' the 'Fall of Nineveh,' 'The Deluge,' the 'Destruction of Herculaneum,' he was in his element; and he left pictures which form conspicuous features in some of the greatest and most famous galleries in England.

The Exhibition—first of the series—of the 'Works of British Artists' is now open in the British Institution, Pall Mall. In a society the rule of which is to reject nothing so long as there is room, it may be conceived that the average of the art exhibited is by no means high. Not that there is not a considerable number of fair pictures—both *genre* and landscape—but the proportion of high art, or even attempts at it, is miserably small. Perhaps in this higher department Mr Sant takes the lead. His rendering of the text: 'And Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst,' is a noble painting, unsurpassed in its expression of deep humiliation, expressed in the furtive glance cast by the ashamed woman, from under the shade of a richly painted robe, at the Saviour. The woman, however, is the only good figure in the work. The only other picture by the same artist is the 'Young Artist'—a delightful head of a boy, beaming with the brightness of genius, and represented as sketching a portrait. Of the landscapes, one worth the whole of the rest is a great picture which may be fairly reckoned as high art. It is a 'View of the Port of Oran, in Algeria,' by W. Wyld, and reasonably valued at L.315. The picture is a very large one—the subject, a gloomy sunset, falling over a mountainous inlet of the sea, the murky rays just struggling through the gloom of the gathering night, and faintly tinging the rugged peaks of the mountains—dimly, too, showing the half-enshrouded towers and steeples of a city built high amid the hills, and in the middle distance falling in a lurid ray on the water of the port, stretching amid precipitous rocks, until, in the foreground, it lights upon a crowded fleet of Turkish and Arabic feluccas and schooners, crowded with people, —the boats and the rippling water admirably painted. To understand the full effect of this grand effort of art, it must be understood that the whole is clothed in a veil of mist, as if the descending fogs of the hills were mingling with the rising water vapours; the obscurity getting deeper as the perspective lengthsens.

We have, of course, no space for a criticism, but we may notice Linnell's vigorous landscapes; Jutsam's beautiful waterfalls, heather, fern, and sheep; Linton's view in the Venetian lagoons, with its strong painting of waters and ancient houses; Ansdell's game-pictures and heathy landscapes; the Welsh mountain and lake scenery of Sidney, R. Percy, Danby, and the tribe of the Williamsses; Copley Fielding's vigorous Yorkshire landscapes and white sunny river glimpses: cabinet interiors of humble life form the special province of Helmsley, Hardy, and Henderson; while to conclude, Glass is alone as a delineator of border raids and moss-troopers.

In the November number of the *Illustrated Magazine of Art*, appeared a striking engraving by Linton, from the sketch, which is very dark, of a 'Madonna and Child' by Raphael, and from which the celebrated picture in the possession of Rogers was painted. The original—drawn on large rough paper, and in a very peculiar style of fibry lines conducted in sweeping succession, so as to present a sort of filmy surface—is

in the possession of the Messrs Colonaghi, from which Linton made a facsimile copy. Both drawing and expression are very beautiful, and appear to belong to the latter period of Raphael's style, when the flatness of his early works was exchanged, to a considerable degree, for a more round and soft manner of treatment. This picture we had an opportunity of seeing, when—now several years ago—we had the pleasure of being present at one of Mr Rogers's delightful breakfast-parties. The best part of the entertainment was Rogers's own incessant flow of wit and humorous anecdote; and the next to that, a pilgrimage over his house, which, as every one knows, is a mingled palace and museum. Amongst the other apartments to which the poet of Memory conducted us, was his own bed-chamber—an unpretending room, where the chief feature, to which the eye naturally turned, was a veiled picture, hung so that it could be seen by the occupant of the bed. Our host drew the curtain, and there was the seraphic Madonna and Child, as Raphael had endowed them with flesh, colour, and drapery; and, of course, presenting a very different effect from the original sketch, but which still, in all material points, they closely resembled.

'There,' said Rogers, with a cheerful yet slightly solemn voice—'do you know why I have hung that picture in that particular spot? Well, it is that when I come to die, I may die with that face before my eyes.'

It is needless to allude to the sensation which this unexpected declaration produced upon the party.

NATURAL SELF-ACTING PRINTING PROCESS.

This beautiful invention, recently made in Vienna by M. Auer, director of the Imperial Austrian Government Printing-office, is, we believe, not known in England. In taking the impression of a dried plant, or a leaf, or an insect, the object is placed on a polished surface of pure lead, and above the object is placed a polished plate of copper or steel. The two plates are then passed through the two cylinders of a copper-plate printer's press, which gives a momentary pressure of from 800 to 1000 hundred-weights. After separating the plates, it will be found that the tissue of the plant has been pressed into the lead plate, and when the substance is carefully removed from the plate the design appears hollow upon its surface. From this mould, plates fit for printing from may be obtained, either by the electrolyte or the usual stereotype process. When lace or any fabric is to be copied, it is smeared over with spirits of wine or Venetian turpentine, before being laid upon the lead plate. The price of impressions thus obtained is so moderate, that a leaf in folio will cost only from eight to twelve kreutzers—that is, from 3d. to 5d.—*Glasgow Commonwealth.*

GOLD PENNIES.

A curious fact is related concerning the pennies of William IV., which have now become very scarce. The copper of which these coins were made, was discovered to contain a portion of gold, so that each penny was intrinsically worth three-halfpence. In accordance with those laws of human action which seem as universal and immutable as those of chemical agency, the whole issue shortly found its way to the melting-pot!—*Critic.*

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